The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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JESUS SAID

"THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

"This is the great and first commandment.

"And a second like *unto it* is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"On these two commandments the whole law hangeth, and the prophets."

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you."

"Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy."

"But I say unto you that hear, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you."

"And if ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners love those that love them."

"If a man love me, he will keep my word: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

"He that loveth me not keepeth not my words: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's who sent me."

MORE LIGHT

GOD, the Old Testament writers assume, is an omnipotent being. He can achieve any action which he believes would please him. He decides to create a world, to place upon it trees, and grasses, and flowers, and beasts. And what is first necessary in order that this gigantic, constructive task may be undertaken? In the initial sentence which the Bible story has Jehovah utter are employed these words: "Let there be light." Light was the primary important need. It always *has* been important; it is today.

It is inspiring to make a survey of the course that life has taken. A chief characteristic of humanity has been development, progress. Despite various vicissitudes, interruptions, stagnations, social setbacks, man has gone continually from the valley toward the mountain, from the little toward the big, from the fleeting toward the imperishable, and from the artificial toward the real.

As an *indirect* reason for this steady on-going there stands humanity's desire for better things; there stands also the divine inspiration of mankind. Yet the *direct* reason for the progress has been the attainment of light. Man progressed morally, but only because he had first won ethical light. He progressed mentally, but only because he had first won intellectual light. He progressed religiously, but only because he had first obtained the light of the spirit. It is light which has made possible, and without which would have been *im*possible the happy transitions, indeed transformations of yesterday.

As a society we are terribly conceited. So many of us sincerely believe that humanity's story is almost told. We assume that practically all possibilities of development have been fulfilled. What more, we ask, can be invented, or discovered, or manufactured? It is true that our material progress has been both rapid and far-reaching. But we are not yet near the end of it. And, so far as our mental, moral, and spiritual progress is involved, we are really only at the beginning of all good things. We should look for super-men and super-Utopias.

Many today profess to maintain no religious interest. And many of those who consider themselves spiritually-minded are merely theologically-minded.

At present, with scientists proclaiming that reality is spiritual, there is no logical reason for an individual being atheistic. And, regarding the matter of intellectual speculation, about all which ought to be said is that we need less theology and more religion.

I would have man adopt an attitude of love,

of purity, of yearning for continued progress, and of obedience to what he assumes to be the will of God. I would have him at all times desirous of securing revelation divine. I would have him seek God as earnestly as Jesus of Nazareth did, when he journeyed out to the wilderness to fast and to pray.

Then shall come light. And, before the light, shall the present darkness flee. And, by dint of the light, shall humanity continue in the future the progress so characteristic of the past. Then shall appear the happier living and the worthier civilizations.

"Let there be light," said God. And there was light. May ours be an earnest prayer for more light still.—*Cloyd H. Valentine.*

HAWAII—ALL RAINBOWS, MISTS AND FRAGRANCE

Honolulu is the principal city of Hawaii and is situated on the Island of Oahu, there being seven other islands in the Hawaiian group, which has been a possession of the United States since 1898. Hololulu has a population of about 90,000, and is a city of cosmopolitan air and western aspect, with every modern improvement. Its climate is a veritable everlasting spring, with an abundance of native fruits, flowering trees, blossoming bushes and plants. In social customs and manner of living there is now little difference between Honolulu and mainland American cities.

From the Nuuanu Pali, six miles from Honolulu, one of the most beautiful views in the world may be obtained. About Honolulu are extinct craters, mountain peaks, sugar plantations and mills, sisal, pineapple and banana plantations; great fortifications, army posts and naval stations. The aquarium at Waikiki Beach contains a collection of brilliantly colored and curiously shaped tropical fishes, seen nowhere else in the world.

The very name of Honolulu is haunting and alluring, like a lullaby; and its curious position on the map makes it a Mecca for wanderers who, like Ulysses, desire to see men and cities before they grow too old. It is almost exactly antipodal to the capitals of Europe. Indeed, if the Hawaiian Islands should drag their anchors and drift only twenty degrees westward and southward over the empty ocean and then moor themselves forever, they would float at the only point upon the globe where there is neither east nor west, nor north nor south. Honolulu is the hub of the Pacific, with sea-lanes radiating spokelike to the harbors of four continents; yet, it is more than two thousand leagues away from the nearest mainland port. It is the most Oriental of Occidental cities, the most Occidental of Oriental; and, since it is so distant from customary centre of human habitation, the eyes of weary men turn towards it wistfully as a haven of escape from the habitual.

In Hawaii the mountains are always near, in in the dooryard or just over the fence, wonderful in all their many moods. A short walk, a trolley ride, or at most a spin by motor, and one is on the foothill trails which lead quickly into the higher mountains. Nor need the seeker after beauty go far into the mountains to find some of the loveliest spots to be encountered in a full day's travel. Many such places lie within an hour's walk of city streets.

In among the trees goes the trail, climbing through shady glades down which the breeze, strong scented with fresh mountain odors, blows cool and sweet. Save for an occasional glimpse, the city is now lost to view. Instead of sweeping panoramas, the trail now affords little vistas down wooded hillside or leafy glade, less magnificent than the open view, yet far more lovely—with such brilliant greens as have never been seen elsewhere, in nature or on canvas.

One branch of this trail leads straight to the bald peak of Tantalus, from which may be seen the most magnificent panorama of the southern side of Oahu island. The main trail, however, leads past Tantalus, around and through the intervening mountain fastnesses to still higher peaks; and this trail is even more characteristic of Hawaii than is that breeze-swept mountain top. It passes first through a little hollow, a crater now filled with vegetation, then climbs once more, winding in and out among the higher ridges. Then, quite abruptly, the trail comes out upon the face of the cliff which forms the eastern wall of Nuuanu Valley. Directly across the valley the western walls rise, fully as high, fully as sheer and marvelously colored in greens, reds and rich browns.

A little waterfall tumbles over the brink of a lofty precipice across the valley, showing for a brief space as a silver thread against the rock, then blowing out and out in the tremendous draft of air which sucks through the mountain pass and down the valley, to disappear at last, an invisible mist. A rain shower drifts down the valley, throwing a shadow upon the cliff as it passes, but to us presenting a rainbowed flank in the bright sunlight. An automobile rolls silently down the roadway far below, reminding us that we are still in a world of men.—*William Penn Points.*

Professor: "What's the most common impediment in the speech of American people?"

Freshman: "Chewing-gum."—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—*Oliver Cromwell.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Pork Chops Supreme.—Choose preferably short chops and bone them so that you will have a round piece of meat. Wipe them with a damp cloth. Season with salt and pepper and place in a greased baking pan. Bake in a hot oven until they are brown on the bottom. Turn them, and on the top side, which is now the brown side, place a mound of bread dressing, having it as level as possible. When chops are done and ready to serve, remove to platter. Cut broad circular bands from green peppers, free from seeds, and parboil slightly in water containing one-eighth teaspoon of soda. Place a band on each chop and fill with shredded onion, which has been fried brown in a little butter.

Bread Dressing.—1 cup fine bread crumbs, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon thyme, ½ teaspoon marjoram, ¼ teaspoon pepper, salt to taste, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons melted butter. Mix the bread crumbs, which have been taken with a fork from the center of a loaf, with the other ingredients.

Macaroon Custard.—Break in pieces one dozen macaroons and place in a glass serving dish. Make a custard of two cups of scalded thin cream and four egg yolks, and pour over the macaroons. Set aside to chill. This may be made in individual glasses. No sugar is required, as macaroons are sufficiently sweet.

Betty's Nut Bread.—1 cup graham flour, ½ cup white flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons molasses, 1 cup sweet milk, ¼ cup English walnuts, cut small. Mix the dry ingredients. Add molasses and milk, and last of all the nut meats. Beat well and bake in a moderate oven. This makes one small loaf baked in a pan 2½ inches deep by 7 by 4 top measure.

Mashed Potatoes Parisienne.—3 cups mashed potato, ⅓ cup rich cream, 2 teaspoons chopped chives, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, white pepper to taste. Mix all ingredients, beat well. Heap roughly in vegetable dish, dot over with pieces of butter. Sprinkle with paprika or with plain pepper.

Canning Hints

Ripe corn, asparagus, cucumbers, peas and tomatoes; golden skinned peaches, translucent jellies, and berries afloat in baths of luminous liquids. The sight of these blossoming in glass jars upon the pantry shelves long after summer is over never fails to gladden the heart of a housewife—especially if she has canned them herself.

Now is the time to arrange your housekeeping schedule so that the process of canning will not seriously disturb your household routine. As soon as you have gathered your vegetables and fruits, act quickly, for the fresher the product the better are your chances of favorable results.

Although methods of treatment vary according to the species of fruit or vegetable to be canned, certain definite rules apply to all produce. Success is dependent upon sterilization or the elimination of bacteria from both the food and utensils used in the process. Products that show the least sign of fermentation should be discarded. However, even the soundest fruits and vegetables carry large numbers of microscopic organisms, so all dirt, dust, or other foreign matter must be carefully removed from their surfaces.

Be sure that everything used in the preparation of the food, as well as the final containers, is spotlessly clean. Paring knives, mixing spoons, and pots, pans and kettles should be given special attention. In addition to thorough washing in soapsuds and hot water, jars, caps and rubber washers require boiling to insure the complete destruction of bacteria.

When the last jar has been sealed, see to it that no product that is less than perfect is placed upon your shelves. Every jar should be held under observation in the kitchen or pantry for ten days, until you are sure the contents have not been impaired because of faulty or unclean containers, accidents, undercooking or mistakes. If any one jar shows signs of spoiling it is advisable to re-cook the contents of every jar in that lot, even though the others are apparently pure.

TO A LONE PINE TREE

Straight and tall you stand,
A lonely sentinel
Outlined against a wintry sky.
Around your feet
The sleeping grasses lie
Beneath a coverlet of snow
Spread by Nature's hand. . . .

Brave and tall you stand,
A silhouette dark against the night.
How still you keep!
As if you feared to waken
Them that sleep.
While the pale moon sheds a silver slight
Throughout the land.

O patient tree, you hold your head so high,
Tell us; can you see the coming Spring?
Can you smell the fragrance of the flowers?
Or hear the flutter of a robin's wing?
Then patiently we'll wait—
E'en as you, with noble head held high,
Wait so trustingly 'neath wintry sky.

—*Emma M. Doane, in "The Broad Highway."*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. G. R. Rakes, Elamsville, Va., would appreciate good reading for herself and husband, who is ill. She would like some quilt pieces, too.

2. Wade H. Brooks, R. 2, Marshville, N. C., wants copies of the *National Geographic*. He would like to correspond with someone who understands card printing.

3. Mrs. M. T. Blalock, who is a shut-in, 70 years old, and a friend of the *Cheerful Letter*, would be pleased if remembered. New London, R. 2, Box 44, N. C.

4. Mrs. Rosa V. Lavinder of Pera, Va., is the mother of twelve children. A boy, 17, and a girl, 16, are ready to enter high school. She would like books for them, also reading matter for the smaller ones.

5. I want to thank the *Cheerful Letter* lady for the nice magazines she sent me. I would be real glad if someone would send me some Christmas cards. I am hoping to hear from the *Cheerful Letter* friends soon. Georgia E. Shelton, Box 65, Dodson, Va.

6. I would be glad to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* ladies, and would be glad to receive some pieces for patchwork and embroidery thread. Mrs. Wesley Frerichs, Coker Creek, Tenn.

7. I am a girl of 16 and the oldest, having three brothers and three sisters to care for. I would be glad to receive magazines and quilt pieces and bits of thread, if it is not asking too much. With best wishes from Miss Grace Adams, Lansing, N. C.

8. I am a widow with six children, the oldest nine years, the youngest eighteen months. I would enjoy having a correspondent, as we live far from a town or railroad and get very lonesome. Mrs. J. T. Watkins, R. F. D. 2, Box 95, Wadesboro, N. C.

9. Mrs. Kittie Turner, R. 5, Stuart, Va., would like some good reading, also quilt pieces and bits of yarn. She hopes to be remembered.

10. Mrs. Earl Coffey of Sandidges, Va., writes that she has been married only a short time and lives twenty-five miles from town. She gets lonesome, and would like a few words of cheer, also quilt pieces and embroidery floss.

11. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I do hope I am not forgotten. I would be glad to correspond with someone, also to have some quilt pieces to help pass away the hours, as I am not able to do any housework, but have to sit in my chair all day. Mrs. Nan Adams, Lansing, N. C.

12. Miss Effie Pendleton, Elamsville, Va., wishes to correspond with some of the good

friends of the *Cheerful Letter*, as she is very lonely and wants to be remembered.

13. I want the kind ladies who sent me packages to know that they were greatly appreciated. I hope to be remembered this winter with patchwork and crochet thread, also something to amuse the girls, five and three years old. Mrs. J. B. Shepherd, Thaxton, N. C.

14. Mrs. G. T. Thomason, R. F. D. 3, Martinsville, Va., would appreciate very much any kind of cheer. Her husband was badly injured by an automobile, and her home has been destroyed by fire. She would like some books, and quilt pieces, as she is very disheartened.

15. I am a young married woman, living with my father and mother out in the country, far from railroad or highway. My husband works far away, and is only able to come home about twice a month. Would welcome any reading matter, also embroidery and thread. Mrs. J. M. Koger, Spencer, Va.

16. Mrs. Dora Smith, R. 1, Polkton, N. C., wants all *Cheerful Letter* friends to know that she has enjoyed the comfort and cheer that they have given her in the past. Mrs. Smith, no doubt, would be interested to correspond with some friend.

17. I would like to correspond with someone. I am a young married woman, age 17. I live away from my parents, so find it very lonesome. I would like someone to write me about Mass. Some good books, magazines, or quilt scraps would be welcome. Mrs. Dovie Lee Walker, R. 4, Box A, Chillicothe, Texas.

18. Mrs. Verla Merrifield, R. 4, Box 4, Chillicothe, Texas, received two packages, and wants to thank the kind friends who sent them.

19. I am a widow with two children, and would appreciate some cheerful letters and magazines, or scraps for quilts, as I am very lonely. Mrs. Beatrice Hart, Hemphill, W. Va.

20. Mrs. Essie Eldredth, Othillo, N. C., would like to hear from someone. Quilt material would help a great deal to brighten the hours.

21. Please print this letter, so my *Cheerful Letter* friends will know how much I have missed their letters. I have six children to care for, and any kind of sewing material or cheer would help to pass the lonely days. Past kindness will always be remembered. Mrs. J. M. Furches, Green Cove, Va.

22. I want to thank the ladies who so kindly sent me quilt pieces, magazines and cards. I am enjoying the stories in my books, and I have my little boys read for me at night. Mrs. Lizzie J. Blackburn, Warsaw, N. C.

23. Miss Violet Jones, Grassy Creek, N. C., is a young girl who has been a shut-in for seven years. She would be glad to hear from someone, and light reading would be a pleasure.

24. Mrs. Bessie Barnes, Copeland, Ark., lives in the mountains, twenty miles from the railroad. She would be very grateful for any light reading and fancy work material sent her. She has six children, all boys, ages 10, 9, 6, 4, 2 and 3 months.

25. I am sending many thanks for the *Cheerful Letter* magazine, and hope you will not forget me and my children this winter, as I am unable to work. I certainly would like some light reading and sewing material. Mrs. Minnie Bangness, Rugby, Va.

26. Mrs. L. Pratt, Sandy Ridge, N. C., thanks her friends for the literature they have forwarded. A history of Queen Victoria and of the Holy Land would be acceptable. Perhaps someone will send her copies of Dr. Moody's or Dr. Talmadge's sermons.

27. I am a farmer's daughter in poor health, and was obliged to give up school in the seventh grade. I hope some *Cheerful Letter* friends will send me some magazines or books, and I like sewing. Miss Ethel Hodges, Copeland, Ark.

28. Mrs. Mollie Wilcox, Husk, N. C., would appreciate any kind of cheer.

29. I want to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have remembered me in the past. I have been a shut-in for thirty-seven years, suffering from spinal meningitis. I am never free from pain and, of course, am unable to enjoy life as others do. I do not know how I could have endured so much without the kindnesses of the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends. I enjoy corresponding, but am unable to do this unless stamps and stationery are furnished. I am always glad to share with others any quilt pieces and crochet thread sent to me. I am so helpless, and it will mean so much to me if folks will write. Carrie Rice, 623 Lake St., Waupaca, Wis.

30. Mrs. Nellie Shaw, R. 4, Gainesville, Texas, would enjoy some old phonograph records and light reading. She has been in very poor health, and would love to hear from some *Cheerful Letter* friends.

31. I am to teach the primer and first grade in a rural school here, beginning in September. I will appreciate any material anyone can give or lend me that will help me in my work. I would especially like to have songs for little ones, drawing exercises, recitations, drills, a book of morning exercises, singing games. Thanking you, I am, respectfully, Mrs. Moore Altman, R. 3, Dolrun, Ga.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. M. T. Blalock, R. 2, Box 44, New London, N. C.

PUT up your pleasant memories in lavendar, take them out and look at them from time to time; see to it that they are kept fresh and sweet, for their price is above rubies.—*L. A. Harker.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

As disease germs thrive in filth, hygiene instructors seek to drive home the lesson of the importance of cleanliness in the maintenance of health.

"In those primitive days of nursing when Florence Nightingale was doing pioneer work in the hospitals of the Crimea, back in the middle of the last century, she was known for her insistence, which amounted to a passion, on cleanliness and ventilation. During the voyage to the Crimean War zone, when one of her nursing party asked her to cut red tape so they might go straight to nursing the sick and wounded soldiers, she replied, 'The strongest will be wanted at the washtub.' Arriving at the hospital, she could not find soap, basin, towel or broom. Only six shirts had been washed in the preceding month—this in a hospital that contained four miles of beds! So her first demand was for thirty scrubbing brushes. Miss Nightingale's subsequent work stressed sanitary reform in the army, hospitals and homes. Her five essential points of health were pure air, pure water, efficient drainage, cleanliness and light. Although Miss Nightingale anticipated Pasteur's discovery of the transmission of disease by germs, and Lord Lister's miracle of antiseptic surgery, the benefits of cleanliness were well known to Moses, who had observed that uncleanliness was catching. But these benefits were forgotten in mediaeval times, and people still need to be reminded of them in our own enlightened land."—*Red Cross Bulletin.*

* * *

Soap and Sunlight Good Disinfectants

According to Mr. B. B. Rickards, Director of New York State Division of Public Health Education, there is little or no use for chemical disinfectants in the home if ample light is admitted and habits of cleanliness are observed. "After the present epidemic of influenza broke out in this country, a credulous reader of the newspapers could readily have been led to believe that all he had to do to avoid catching the disease, or to cure it if he did catch it, was to take any one of the few dozen preparations advertised as having miraculous preventive or curative powers. The list included sprays, douches, inhalants, as well as tablets and liquids to be taken internally. Doubtless these preparations had a heavy sale despite the fact that health authorities and specialists broadcast the information that there is no known means of preventing influenza except to observe ordinary rules of personal hygiene, and no known cure but to go to bed and stay until well. While some of the concoctions advertised doubtless are capable of alleviating one or more of the symptoms of the disease, and in the case of throat and nose compounds mechanically flush out some of the infectious mucus, no one of them can or does prevent or cure the disease by killing the germ causing it. The reason is that any disinfectant strong enough to kill germs is also strong enough to injure the mucous membranes and thus render them more open to attack by these organisms. Disinfectant solutions are of value for disinfection of the hands, and persons having the care of cases of communicable diseases may use them to advantage after the hands have first been carefully cleansed. But under ordinary circumstances it is not necessary to use disinfectants. Most soaps have disinfecting powers. A hand brush and strong suds used on the hands with particular attention paid to removing the dirt which collects beneath the nails will usually render the skin not only clean, but free from harmful germs. *Would that more cooks would bear this fact in mind.* Soaps advertised as containing disinfectants have been shown to have little if any stronger action than ordinary soap.

"Dishes and table silver need to be rendered sterile after use in order to prevent the spread of colds and other infections from person to person. Here again special disinfectants are not necessary, for washing with hot suds followed by scalding water will render these articles clean and free from all common disease germs. Unfortunately both dish water and rinsing water are commonly used too cool to be effective.

"A great deal is heard about the danger from dust in the home or in the streets. This has been greatly overrated, for by the time dangerous germs have become sufficiently dry to float around in the air, drying and sunlight have rendered them harmless.

"Enough has been said to show that disinfectants are not needed for every-day use in the home. However, some good disinfectants should be kept on hand for the treatment of wounds. Tincture of iodine or mercurochrome are excellent for sterilizing cuts or bruises, but a physician should be consulted if such injuries become infected.

"It was formerly the custom to fumigate rooms after the recovery of a case of diphtheria. Some communities even went so far as to require that an entire house be disinfected whenever it was vacated whether any person in the family had been sick or not. Such practices may be compared to the heathen custom of burning incense to appease the gods of disease so far as any good resulting from it is concerned, for diphtheria germs and many other disease organisms die very quickly outside the human body.

"One thing should always be remembered. Chemical disinfectants are usually *injurious* or *poisonous;* and all poisons should be so labeled and kept beyond the reach of children, preferably under lock and key."—*Broadcast-Station WGY, May 24, 1929.*

Reward for Work on New Disease

The American Medical Association has awarded a gold medal to Dr. Edward Francis for research in the new disease of Tularaemia, as the most important medical work of the year. It is found in the spleen and liver of wild rabbits. Out of 1,000 examined from Washington, D. C., markets, one per cent were found infected. It is produced in man by bacteria entering wounds of those handling or dressing rabbits. Ulcers on hands, enlarged glands at elbow or in armpits and fever result, sometimes death. Cooks, hunters, housewives and market men are often infected in November, December and January, when game laws permit hunting of rabbits for food. Persons who skin or cut up jackrabbits for fish-bait, fox, chicken or dog feed, or for market should be careful, wearing rubber gloves. As food, rabbits are safe, if *well* cooked, the bacteria being killed at 133 degrees Fahrenheit. Those too easy to catch or shoot are apt to be sick—a timely warning at this season. Dr. Francis contracted Tularaemia while studying it, and is now seeking its prevention and cure.

—Laura R. Donnell.

The Difficult Seven-Year Period for Our Boys and Girls

According to Dr. Jessie Taft, "Adolescence" is a magic word. We are either needlessly afraid of it, or tie to it unwarranted blame, making it a refuge. When something "goes wrong" with a child it is so easy to say, "Why this is physiological. He can't help it." Many of us have a fixed idea that adolescence must be dangerous and difficult. But we have no right to feel so. Let us look around and see how other races and even individuals take adolescence.

Margaret Mead's fine book on "Coming of Age in Samoa" should be read by all parents, because it shakes up all our established ideas. "As to individuals, even in our own civilization, not all adolescents fear to grow up, although this is a common emphasis. Adolescence is really no more than many other steps in life. . . . The thing to remember is that each experience probably has the power to *make up* and *compensate for* a bad previous experience—or the *reverse.* Adolescence is simply a growth process. The . . . trouble . . . is the adults who interfere with it. It is our fear, our need, our *failure* that makes adolescence a problem. I say to parents, 'Don't try to work out *your* problems in your children. How can you expect a child to support an anxious mother?' The one real difficulty with adolescent adjustment is that it cannot remain entirely dependent like a child, or grow entirely independent like a mature adult. True growth is the adjustment between these two ends. This is only possible for the adolescent when the adults around him recognize his need *to be himself.* We must keep *hands* off youth even, if we tremble."

Of course this does not mean we should not help when we *can*—only to make sure we are really of service, not merely "butting in."

THE HOUSE FOR ME

I saw a cottage under a hill,
With low, thatched roof and a wide door-sill,
And a bird that sang above the door,
Where sunbeams ran athwart the floor;
And near the flags, on either side,
Were Hollyhocks and London Pride:
  I wonder, is it the house for me,
  A low, thatched cottage on the lea?

There is a dwelling by the shore,
A place clipt out of a purple moor,
Walled and rocky, and bold and high,
With just the sea and the pale, cool sky,
And here and there a cedar stands—
A guardian, with folded hands:
  I wonder, is it the place for me,
  The eerie house beside the sea?

Well I know a spacious, green lawn,
Terraced and open to the dawn,—
A broad, green lawn where shadows pass
With silent feet across the grass;
And all within serene and fair,
Wide, white walls and a sweeping stair,
  Is that the place where I would be,
  And live in gracious dignity?

Beside the sea, or close to the hill,
On broad lawns lying green and still—
So many houses under the sun,
Where will I go when the day is done?
Where should I go when I would rest—
Dovecote, bough, or eagle's nest?
  I think I like the cottage still
  Because there are flowers by the sill.

—*Edna Howe.*

A minister was calling on an old parishioner, and they were speaking about the prayer service.

"Oh, Pastor," she suddenly said, "I hope at the next meeting you will pray for my floating kidney."

"Why!" gasped the astonished minister, "How can I do that? Of course, I shall be glad to pray for your health if you wish it, but—"

"Well," she retorted, "I do not see why not. Mrs. B. told me that at the last meeting you prayed for all loose livers!"

The soul is an incandescent vapor, burning without being consumed. Our body is its lantern. Its flame is not only light, but feeling.—*Joubert.*

RADIO WILL GUIDE SHIPS THROUGH THE DANGERS OF HUDSON STRAITS

Four Stations Will Make Speed Possible Through Fog to the New Grain Port on Hudson Bay

For more than three centuries Hudson Straits have been the terror of what few mariners ventured to enter it. Now one of the terrors is laid, for radio will guide ships unerringly through to the great bay that stretches so uninvitingly into the heart of Canada's northland.

A long-awaited dream will become a reality in the spring of 1930. Long black grain boats will plough up the isolated Atlantic Coast of Labrador to the Hudson Straits. They will come in a straight line over the North Atlantic from Europe to get by the Northwest passage to the golden grain of the prairies.

The route which was the basis of discovery of America—that is, a short cut to the East—and which Henry Hudson discovered in 1610, will 320 years later become of commercial importance in the shipping of the world's wheat supply.

STILL IN TOUCH WITH WORLD

Steaming past the rocky, inhospitable shore of Labrador, the ships as they near Davis Strait become aware of a narrow opening 40 miles wide which leads into the Hudson Straits. The Button Islands on the south shore and Resolution Island to the north guard the entrance to that great inland Arctic waterway, Hudson Straits and Hudson Bay.

Unlike former navigators of the channel, the captains who pilot the ships up the Straits in 1930 will be able to move at full speed, be there heavy fog or clear weather. The Canadian Government is installing the latest aids to navigation.

Fog is a predominant factor in the weather of the Hudson Straits. Through heavy fog the usual type of lighthouse becomes useless. Hudson Straits will be made navigable to mariners by means of the latest types of automatic radio beacons, radio fog horns and direction finding stations.

In addition to this the skipper who brings his ship up this channel, which is at least 1,000 miles from the nearest point of civilization, need not fear that because he is so far North he has lost contact with the world. Four powerful radio stations, three on the Hudson Straits and one at the new wheat port, Fort Churchill, will enable any one in that far North to be within half an hour's call of his head office, no matter in what part of the world that may be.

TRIED OUT ON GREAT LAKES

The Hudson Straits will be one of the few navigable channels in the world to be guided entirely by radio. One of the farthest north shipping lanes in the world, far away from civilization, it will yet make use of the latest invention of mankind.

On one of the Button Islands there will be a concrete tower and a little shack close by. From it will emanate no sign of life. But let us go to the operating room on any ship entering the Straits and ask for the loan of the ear-phones. We shall hear that apparently useless sign of civilization send out its coded warning which denotes the presence of the Button Islands.

Automatically, as fog comes down on the land, or as night closes in that land of sunshine in summer and darkness in winter, a machine inside the little shack beings to function; and at timed intervals, so many to the minute, there will go out from this device combinations of Morse code letters sent without the presence of mankind from a tape punched at one time in Ottawa.

Such radio beacons have been installed during the past few years on both sides of the Great Lakes. The Maritimes and the north shore of the St. Lawrence have also radio beacons, while the Canadian Government has installed the same device on the Pacific Coast.

RADIOS ALONGSIDE IGLOOS

That radio beacon on the Button Islands will have to be attended to only once in a while. It will be so built that the maintenance will be required at very few times in the year, and on those occasions the men who will be stationed at Resolution Island, and who are now at Cape Burwell, will be able to make the short journey across the Straits to do this work.

The Hudson Straits Aerial Survey was begun in the summer of 1927 and ended in the fall of 1928. During that entire time radio was the only means of communication between Ottawa and the expedition. Three strategic points were picked for the temporary stations; one of these has since become a permanent station, and the position of the other two stations has been changed following the results of the survey.

Here is a country which in summer time is entirely rock. Nothing grows higher than nine inches, and the shrub line is far to the south. In winter snow and ice shroud everything. Igloos dot the few points where community life is found.

Igloos are, for the Eskimo, still the best of homes. Three or four per winter serve him nicely. When ice forms inside the igloo through the freezing of melted snow caused by body and fire warmth, it is time for the houseowner to vacate and build himself a new one. A handy Eskimo can build an igloo in half an hour.

And near the igloos are cabins of wood brought up hundreds of miles by boat. And in one of these cabins will be found the radio installation; in another, airplanes.

LANDED ON CAKE OF ICE

Were it not for the radio, the Department of Marine which had charge of the expedition, as well as the friends and relatives of those men who had gone up there for periods up to a year and a half, would have been without any means of communication. Instead of which, when one of the aviators departed from Cape Burwell on his schedule survey flight, lost his way in the fog, fought against head winds and drifted out into the Atlantic Ocean, where he and his mechanic finally landed on a cake of ice, 60 miles out from the Labrador shore, the Government was able to keep in touch with the rescue expeditions throughout the entire two weeks the fliers were lost.

And when they were found, having reached the mainland across the ice, where they met an Eskimo and his family, who guided them to Fort Burwell, the story of that heroic struggle was quickly transmitted in the usual terse official manner to Ottawa. There the press got hold of it and made a big story of it.

Even the Eskimos enjoy the radio. At first it is difficult for them to understand that the music or the dots and dashes that issue out of the horn are not from a phonograph. They are quite familiar with the phonograph. But when they are told that it is not a phonograph, they just put it down to another white man's invention.

ADOPTED BY THE ESKIMO

Throughout the Northland, to posts within 600 miles from the North Pole, the Eskimo has become familiar with radio during the past few years. Constables of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who have been up North tell tales of the Eskimos playing the latest jazz music on their mouth organs. The constables who just arrived from civilization are surprised at this. But those who know point out that the native loves to copy the music that comes in over the air from stations many thousands of miles distant. The Eskimo is musical.

The three temporary stations were at Nottingham Island, at the western entrance of the Straits; at Wakeham Bay, half the way to the Atlantic Ocean on the south shore, and at Cape Burwell, at the northern end of Labrador. The permanent stations are at Nottingham Island; at Cape Hope's Advance, which is some miles east of Wakeham Bay, right at the top of the western shore of Ungava Bay; and on Resolution Island, the location of a station there to be at Hatton Headland. The fourth station of the chain is at Fort Churchill.

For those who travel by way of ocean liner communication from ship to shore, either directly or by relay to another ship, can be maintained throughout an entire voyage. That is now as usual as it is for anyone to step into an automobile and go for a long tour. But what is actually at the stations on shore which afford this means of communication is not generally known.

LAST WORD IN SCIENCE

Each of the four stations along that northern shipping lane will be the last word in that type of coastal station. Each station will be equipped to communicate with the other three stations in the district. Ships coming into the Straits or the Bay can be in constant communication with the nearest station on its way along to or from Fort Churchill. Each station will be able to give the mariner compass directions by means of its radio direction finder.

And this brings up an important point. Due to the proximity of the North Magnetic Pole, the compass is practically useless. It varies as much as 15 degrees in 100 miles, and in some places 30 or 40 degrees. Therefore the ordinary aids of navigation become useless, and the radio direction finder steps in. Its workings are simple.

A wireless operator on shipboard will be asked by his captain to get the exact position of the ship. He gets in touch with the nearest coast station, ending a Q T F, which is the international abbreviation for "What is my direction?"

The coast station at once complies. It sends out a number of dots and dashes which the ship picks up, and the operator tunes in on a direction-finding receiver and special aerial, till he gets the best reading on the dial of the radiogoniometer.

Then he goes through the same procedure with another coastal station. He plots the two readings on a map and where they meet is the ship's position.

These direction-finding coast stations and the radio compass on board ship have come into use only in the last five or six years.

LISTENING IN AT OTTAWA

When Resolution Island has its stations permanently built, some time this year, it will have a short wave transmitter which will maintain daily contact with Ottawa, where land lines will carry the messages to their destination. At this writing, the station at Cape Hope's Advance is the center of the system and maintains eight-hour schedules each day with Ottawa.

On the top floor of an inconspicuous building on Wellington Street, Ottawa, are the small receiver and the big transmitter which enable this contact over more than 1,100 miles. There, if one is fortunate enough to be able to read the international Morse code, one can hear on the loud speaker choice bits of detail regarding the progress made in opening up the channel.

One gets a thrill to know that he is listening to one of the most northern stations in the world, the focal point of a development made possible after many years of political struggle.

That northern waterway, guided by radio

because visible means are unsuited due to the heavy fogs and icebergs, will mean a saving, it is predicted, of hundreds of thousands of dollars each year. Carrying the wheat by rail from the granaries in the West to Fort Churchill, and so by water the rest of the way to England and the European markets, will prove a saving. Formerly those boats came up the St. Lawrence River, loading at Montreal after the wheat had come by rail from points west of Winnipeg to Port Arthur and thence by boat through all the Great Lakes to Montreal, a costly trip. Ship freight is cheaper than rail freight and loading and unloading cost money.

Now the wheat as it comes from the West will converge at The Pas, Manitoba, thence over some 400 miles of rail to Fort Churchill, where it will be loaded directly into the grain steamers which radio will guide up and down the Northern Waterway.—*Boston Globe.*

PEAT BOGS AND PONIES

EIGG is famous for its ponies and horses, and I remember, when first I stayed at Laig, seeing any number of beautiful little Shetlanders, now no longer bred on the island, browsing on its shores. Many of the islanders have their own horse or pony, and these with ropes, often of straw, for bridles, are saddled with panniers on each side when a supply of fuel is wanted from the peat-cuttings. The spectacle of these comfortably circumstanced crofters with their well-conditioned animals is both pleasing and highly picturesque. The first I ever met was a stout and compactly built woman, with a white kerchief tied round her head, the embodiment of good nature, health, and contentment, riding leisurely along, seated between the panniers on the back of a sturdy cob.

Just through the gate where you leave the road for the short cut down the cliffs to Laig House, and enter the peat cutting of Blar Dubh (black moor), the prospect outspread before you is entrancing. You look beyond the foreground, where bracken mingles with tall foxgloves, over the wide sweep of moorland—in late summer a mass of purple heath—which rises in successive terraces till it is crowned by the Sgurr—from this point a low, elongated crest. In the middle distance a herd of fine Highland cattle often browse, very handsome in their long horns and richly colored, shaggy coats, and quite irresistible when they include little woolly calves in their company. . . .

To get over to Laig House from the gate, you must cross by plank a burn, which is most beautifully flower-bedecked. It has cut for itself a deep path through the peat, which colors its waters a rich dark brown. In them grows a curious plant, which is perhaps the yellow marshdock, and a tall, handsome thistle with a smooth stem and a large head whose species I have been quite unable to identify. Amongst the wealth of flowers and ferns which thickly fringe its banks are valerian, meadowsweet, and golden clumps of the marsh marigold, called in Gaelic the "shoe of the water horse" from the shape of its leaves. The beautiful hollow that this burn crosses is guarded by the peaks of Rum, which rear their heads in the distance over a ridge of moorland. Wrens, which are specially numerous here, flit about the hollow, which they seem to share with the redbreast. In the Highlands the wren is accounted the king of birds, for did he not soar higher than the eagle on the day when there was a contest amongst the birds for the supremacy of the air? The wren challenged the eagle's right to claim the kingship, and, all unknown to the eagle, settled upon his back when he began his flight. When the eagle had soared as high as he could go, he called out: "Where are you now, brown wren?" whereupon the wren at once flew off and upward, and called out: "Far, far above you!"—*M. E. M. Donaldson, in "Wanderings in the Western Highlands and Islands."*

PETER PAN-SIES

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

THE frilled rosetted hollyhocks
Had grown to such a height,
That to the smallest flowers below
Their heads were out of sight.

"Oh dear," bewailed a pansy,
"If only we weren't small!
The finest thing, I fancy,
Is to be very tall.

"Just see the noble hollyhocks,
With flowers all up the stem,
Why, even the white and crimson phlox
Can't be compared to them!"

Now little Dot came by the bed
Just where the pansies grew;
She clapped her chubby hands and said:
"Dear pansies, I love you!

"I love the fine, tall hollyhocks,
But they've grown up, you see
They always have on party frocks
So they couldn't play with me."

While you just smile like playtime friends,
And are so soft and small,
I'm sure you're Peter Pan-sies
And you won't grow up at all.

—*Florence Buck.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE WATER PEOPLE

THE change of seasons—from winter to spring, from spring to summer, from summer to autumn and from autumn to winter—is one of the biggest events in the lives of the people of Boston Common—squirrels, pigeons, sparrows, robins and others. There little Commoners follow every sign of a changing season with the keenest interest. Grass turning green, maple buds appearing, forsythia blooming—these are big things.

And no Commoner follows all of these changes, and the many others, with more interest and delight than Roger P. Scroggins. Although he is easily the oldest squirrel on Boston Common if not in the world, his eyes sparkle with as much pleasure, when signs of a changing season begin to show themselves, as the eyes of a much younger and less wise squirrel.

This particular day found him standing on the shore of the lake in the Public Garden. He stirred the water with his little cane. The ripples were musical. He reached down and dipped his paw in the water.

Then something tiny moved just under the surface.

"I do believe—can it be—well, suppose it is—" murmured Mr. Scroggins to himself. And as he murmured there appeared in full view Levi, the orphan turtle, who winked at Mr. Scroggins and lazily dropped out of sight.

"It *is* Levi," said Scroggins delightedly, and stirred the water with his cane again. The ripples were hardly smoothed out before the little turtle again showed his head. In his very wee voice he made a sound a good deal like a gurgle:

"Hello, old friend!" was his cheery greeting.

Before Mr. Scroggins could answer, the little tuttle sank out of sight.

"Well, I'll—" began Mr. Scroggins, with both eyes popping.

Suddenly, Levi appeared again.

"Hooray for Scroggins!" he gurgled again in his tiny voice.

And again Levi sank.

Again he came into view and this time, alongside him was a solemn face with large goggle eyes.

"A friend of yours," said Levi, and Mr. Scroggins said in a voice of welcome, "Well, if it isn't John Boom."

And John Boom, the frog, answered in his bass voice, "So it is. So it is. And how is Mr. Scroggins?"

Before Mr. Scroggins could tell in detail how he was, up sailed the two lords of the lake—Neck and Crop, the swans. They nodded to Mr. Scroggins.

"How are you?" said both Neck and Crop at the same time, as though with one voice.

And in reply, as Levi, John Boom and Neck and Crop looked on admiringly, the old squirrel took off his high hat, swung it around his head three times and shouted in his loudest voice, "Hooray!"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

IN PRAISE OF PUPS

THE world has a lot of a number of things
That always are pleasant to see,
Of pretty girls' eyes and blackberry pies
And roses and pay days and glee;
And waffles and movies and blue china cups
And bargains and full dinner pails,
But pleasantest far are the nice little pups
That wiggle and waggle their tails!

A nice little, brown little puppy, who seems
Just brimming with wiggles and wags,
His damp little nose, as pink as a rose,
Two ears that are pert little rags;
And half of him shrinking in fear of a spank,
And half of him wiggling a plea,
And all of him ready for any old prank—
There's nothing so pleasant as he!

And how can they say that a creature is dumb
That's wise in its own sort of way?
Although we suppose there's little he knows,
Yet Oh, how he knows how to play!
He knows how to find all the fun as he goes
Through his life in this sorrowing vale,
And especially we're glad that each little pup knows
How to wiggle and waggle his tail!

—*Morris Miller.*

"THE time will come," shouted the speaker. "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said the little man in the corner. "next Saturday night."—*Good Hardware.*

MORE than 1,300 places mentioned in the Bible have been accurately located in the Holy Land.

THE width of the Strait of Gibraltar is 11½ nautical miles.

WHO is wise? He who learns from everyone.

Who is strong? He who conquers himself.

Who is rich? He who is satisfied with what he has.

Who is honorable? He whom his neighbors honor.—*Baltimore News.*

GIVE the children a true idea of war in their history books, and the next generation would no more want a war than they would want an earthquake.—*Israel Zangwill.*

WHAT A CHURCH IS

It is a gathering of people whose purpose is to recognize the authority and power and beauty of the Divine Reality that touches our lives.

It is an agency for the development of conscience, individual and social.

It is a promise that our country shall not be recreant to the spirit that created it.

It is a means for lifting ourselves above the common-place, and ennobling our nature with the sense of sublimity.

It is a source of fortitude in trial, of loyalty in effort, of hope in darkness, of peace in sacrifice.

It is a protection and inspiration for our lives and our children's.

Consider, therefore, whether a church should appeal to our duty, or be regarded as one of the languid non-essentials. If it is the great thing just described, take hold of it, be part of it, work for it. The breath of life of every institution is loyalty. It is something more than an earthly call to us, that we be loyal to this institution; and it is with something vastly greater than condescension that we should answer that call.—

—W. L. Sullivan.

GOD EVERYWHERE

In the stillness of the night,
In the hustle of the day,
In the sparkling ray of sun,
In the shadow of the moon,
In the drizzle of the rain,
In the glistening drift of snow,
God is there!

—Elizabeth Griffin.

The man who does things that count is usually the fellow who doesn't stop to count them.

The ability to get things done is sometimes more important than the ability to do them.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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